# Adventures of an Iron Brigade Man

By CAPT. R. K. BEECHAM, 2d Wis.

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Wis. The 2d Wis. was a three-year regiment, and one of the first mustered into the service of the United States in the war of the rebellion.

From the date of my enlistment until some time in June we put in the time learning the art of war, hoping all the time that we would not be called upon to practice the art to any great extent. On June 11, 1861, we were mustered into the United States service, and, nine days later, started for Washington, D. C. In that ride we enjoyed, to some extent, the pomp

The country through which we passed was full of enthusiasm and the people seemed to wave us on, as if it were glory and not years of bitter war that awaited us. We stopped one day at Harrisburg, Pa., where we received our arms—old Harper's Ferry, smooth-bore muskets-which we loaded afterward in the day of battle, with one ball and three buckshot to each piece, with powder sufficient be-hind ball and buckshot to drive them out of the gun-barrel and at the same time nearly knock the life out of the man who stood behind the gun.

When we marched through Baltimore.

we loaded our pieces and fixed bayonets, as a precautionary measure. In those days Baitimore was a hotbed of treason. and on that march through the city the people delighted our ears with cheers for Jeff Davis; but they carefully refrained from the use of brickbats and stones, so we had no occasion to use our muskets; but the demonstration did not augur an early peace, by any means.

We arrived at Washington all safe and

sound, in the latter part of June, and encamped for several days in the outskirts of the National Capital, which, at that time, was nothing more or less than a great, overgrown village.

### SHERMAN'S FIRST BRIGADE,

On July 2 our regiment crossed the Po On July 2 our regiment crossed the Potomac River by the way of Long Bridge, into the State of Virginia. We were there brigaded with the 69th, 79th and, it my memory serves me, the 13th N. Y. The 69th was a famous Irish regiment, commanded by Col. (afterward General) Corcoran, and carried the green flag of the Emerald Isle beside the Stars and Stripes, The 79th was Cameron's Scotch regiment, and displayed the thistle of Scotia with the American flag, the same being borne aloft by two brawny, bare-legged Scotchaloft by two brawny, bare-legged Scotchmen. The other regiment, which was only a common, everyday Yankee regiment like my own—only mine was from the West—had nothing peculiar about it to fix it in my memory, so I am not certain as to its number, but do remember that it was a

New York regiment.

Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman was honored with the command of this brigade of four regiments of volunteers, and as it was Sherman's first important command, he was just as proud of his four superbregiments as an old hen could possibly be with four broods of chickens.

Sherman's brigade was assigned to Gen.

Tyler's Division, and further than that we knew but little about the organization

of the army. Of course, we knew that Gen. Scott was the General-in-Chief, or Division, and that there were other divi-sions in McDowell's army; but we had very little knowledge of the situation, and I presume no army ever went into the field and into battle more completely un-qualified to perform intelligently the du-ties of soldiers and officers. There was art of war, for the Confederacy had taken the initiative and confronted us with an army better prepared for a campaign than ere, and that army actually threatened the Capital; so we were obliged to put in our time building fortifications and preparing defenses. All that portion of Virginia opposite Washington seemed cov-red with woods, and the labor required in felling the thousands of acres of trees, that might be used in sheltering an ad-vancing army of the enemy, was great. We participated in one or two brigade drills, or, more properly speaking, bri-gade parades, during the early days of July, while we occupied this position, but hard work in making the position of more secure, until the advance of McDowell's army began.

THE BULL RUN CAMPAIGN. About the middle of July the Bull Run

campaign opened. The 2d Wis. and two or three others were three-year regiments; there were also a few two-year troops but the bulk of the army was composed of three-months men, whose terms of en-listment would expire within the next 30 days, or by the middle of August. Therefore, if McDowell's army was to capture
Richmond and end the rebellion, it was
necessary for it to make a forward movealso lest track of our Lieutenant-Colonel
commanding the 2d Wis. Our Colonel,
S. Park Coon, was on Gen. Tyler's staff,
and Lieut.-Col. Peck commanded our regnecessary for it to make a forward move-ment without further delay, while we had soldiers to do the fighting, if fighting should become necessary. So the military authorities seemed to reason, and the army moved out on its first great campaign.

Sherman's Brigade was encamped along the Warrenton Pike—the main thoroughfare leading to Centerville and Manassas -about a mile west of Fort Corcoran. We were supplied with good, comfortable wall-tents, but when we started on that campaign we left our encampment in charge of a Lieutenant and, probably, a hundred sick and convalescent soldiers. As we had no such thing as shelter tents those days, each soldier rolled a woolen inside of a rubber blanket, which served for both bed and shelter, except, on rare occasions, when we took shelter beneath a bush or slept under a rail.

the defenses at Centerville, retiring be-hind Bull Run,

he perfected his plans and prepared for a general battle. Beauregard stood on the defensive, and the sluggish waters of Bull nd their course between the op-

man wound their course between the opposing armies.

On Sunday, July 21, the first great battle of the civil war, known in history as "The First Bull Run," was fought, lasting about six or seven hours. Sherman's Brigade had it very comfortable at first, and many of us thought our General was horn strategie. From our came here side. My regiment lost about 150 men and Sherman's Brigade sustained nearly one-fourth of the entire loss in McDowell's army, which was 401 killed and 1,582 wounded.

THE ROUT OF M'DOWELL'S ARMY.

We reached camp in to 11 o'clock the forenous the forenous control of the course of the cours

I enlisted May 10, 1861, in Co. H, 2d gun in McDowell's army. This was plant-

After Hunter struck Beauregard's left and the battle had waxed hot in that direction for an hour or two, some military genius discovered that Sherman's Brigade might be used to better advantage than supporting a one-gun battery on the safe side of Bull Run, and forthwith we received orders to advance. Then Sher-man moved his brigade at a double-quick along the eastern shore of Bull Run for a mile or two. Once he halted us, not to rest, but to put us in light-marching order, and to that end he ordered us to pile up our blankets and haversacks in a con-

from time to time within the lines of the

regard thought he had won the independence of the Confederacy.

I reached our old camp ground, west of up our blankets and haversacks in a con-venient place by the wayside, where we ground was all that remained to us; for

"SOME OF THE BOYS RECOGNIZED THE CORRESPONDENT." on our return trip from the battlefield we

might return and camp for the night when the battle was over—then we knew In supreme command, with headquarters of a certainty that he was a born stratein Washington, while Gen. McDowell commanded the army in the field; that Sherman's Brigade was a part of Tyler's upon us and the whole brigade could not

muster a single hard-tack, to say nothing about blankets.

After getting rid of our cumbersome After getting rid of our cumbersome blankets and useless provisions, we increased our speed, and shortly after arrived at Poplar Ford, pretty well fagged out, for the day was hot. At Poplar Ford we waded the Run, about waistford we waded the Run, about waistford we wader, which was exceedingly in the division by the name of Carleton, we want our provision of the result of the man lost their carriages and were mounted on horseback, having left the harness on just as they unhitched, in cling to, and they were clinging fast enough. There was one newspaper man in the division by the name of Carleton, we want our great deal about the battle. deep in water, which was exceedingly refreshing. Once across the Run, we moved over the fields in the direction of the Warrenton Pike, which we reached at a point in the valley where Spring Creek crosses the pike where stood a stone better than the pike where stood as the pike where stood a stone better than the pike where stood as the pik

it, while the enemy seemed to be posted ear, while his soft felt hat served for a between our position and Bull Run. For saddle: "Do yez moind that foin-looking a time the battle seemed to progress favorably. The enemy was supposed to be in our front, but in the confusion it was not an easy matter to locate his position. When our line ceased to advance there was no well-defined battle-line of the enemy opposing us, that I could discover, halted all the same, and continued to blaze away with our old smooth-

About this time the smoke of battle I lost all trace of Gen. Sherman, not seeing him again until after we had returned to the defenses of Washington. I

iment in his stead. Col. Peck was calculated by nature for a great military leader. He knew the duties of enlisted soldiers, and was aware of the fact that officers were created out of superior clay, and, therefore, always insisted that soldiers should not forget to doff their hats when they came into the presence of their superiors. It was said that Col. Peck displayed superior leadership shortly after we went into battle, by leading straight out to reacward. Whether or not that report was true, I cannot say; but I know that I never saw There was no time to issue rations, and our gallant Lieutenant-Colonel again. He Gen. Sherman obtained leave to put his was not killed that day, neither was he wounded nor a prisoner of war, and he arrived safely in Washington at an ear-his men were minus blankets and provily hour the next morning, but when we returned to our old camp, later in the day,

missed the locality where we had so care-fully stored our blankets and haversacks at the request of Gen. Sherman, and we were truly orphans in a strange land. While we were preparing our camp ground for a night's rest, who should dash along the pike headed toward Washing-

ton but a whole brigade or division of Congressmen and newspaper correspondents, who had gone out with the army in carriages to see the fun, and, having seen enough to satisfy them, were going home. Most of them had lost their carriages and bouse that was used for a hospital. From this point we moved up the hill eastward toward the Stone Bridge, and went into pike, one of them remarked to a complete out a gallant horse-Our brigade line extended across the turnpike and nearly at right angles with his pocket and a bunch of quills over his it while the energy second to be prested. lad in lade of the whole gang there, Bar-ney? Well, that's Carleton; he wroits for the papers and is one of the raciest cor-respondents in the army." To which his comrade made reply: "Begorrah, Pat, and I belave yez roight; he's the raciest of that gang, at all events." I'm not so sure that Carleton's soft felt felt soft, but it must have been some improvement

About this time the smoke of batter we cheered and language as the cavecame thick and the confusion great, and ran down our cheeks as long as the cavelost all trace of Gen. Sherman, not sleade was in sight, and to the day of my This cavalcade reached Washington early

the next morning, safe and sound, but a little sore. From them it leaked out and gradually worked into the papers that "McDowell's army was panic-stricken!"

We had settled for the night in our improvised camp when we were roused by the bugle call which sounded "Fall in." It seems that a council of war had been called by Gen. McDowell, which, by common consent, had resolved itself into a council of retreat, where it was soon decided to begin the retreat to the defenses of Washington that night; in fact, there was nothing for McDowell to do but retreat, as the terms of enlistment of half his army would expire within a week. The Confederate army, under the command of Beauregard, did not seem to dispute our advance at first, and abandoned pute our advance at first learned, also, in that mysterious way was present at the time a grand gather-through which knowledge is often gained ing of people, especially ex-soldiers of the on the afternoon of July 18 Tyler's Run," to distinguish it from another on the street of the same and this very street in contemplation when he instruct and us to pile our blankets and haversacks retreat in contemplation when he instruct-

but neither Gen. Sherman nor his brigade were the only parties at fault.

Our battle losses, as compared with the wholesale slaughter of modern battles, prove that it was a small affair—a mere skirmish, and but little fighting was done on either side. My regiment lost about 150 men and Sherman's Brigade sustained nearly one-fourth of the entire loss in McDowell's army, which was 401 killed

we might sing again.

AGAIN IN CAMP.

We reached camp in sections, from 9 to 10 clock the forenoon of July 22, and 1 had 1 honor of being among the first and many of us thought our General was a born strategist. From our camp, near the Warrenton Pike, between Centerville and Cah Run. Sherman marched us down the pike, crossing Cub Run, and arriving hear the Stone Bridge, which crosses Bull Run, where he led us to the right to a grand old forest which, with its friendly foliage, sheltered us from the scorching rays of the July sun until about 11 o'clock a. m. We held that position in the shore (we could have held it longer) until Hunter's Division had made a wide detour to the right, crossing Bull Run at Sudley's Ford, far up the creek, thus striking Beauregard on the flank and opening the battle with apparent advantage to McDowell.

During the hours we held our position in the woods in the vicinity of Stone Bridge we were amused and encouraged by an occasional shot fired by a large 32-pounder smooth-bore gun—the only big

cub Run, until it was removed by Beauregard's men a day or two later. This
was the source of great rejoicing on the
part of the Southern Confederacy for months after. In capturing that old gun, which was of less actual value on the field than one musket well handled, Beauprovisions on the banks of Bull Run was bad enough, but leaving our comfortable who were survivors of the First Bull Run, tents unoccupied, only a mile away, while we stood out in the rain or crowded into I dreamed it possessed. No wonder we an old, dilapidated barn for shelter the livelong night, seemed beyond reason. there. But never in all these years have livelong night, seemed beyond reason. there. But never in all these years have Therefore, I stood outside with two of I met a Union soldier who was there, and my tentmates, without making an attempt to secure shelter beneath the crowded roof, until almost dark, hoping that we would either be marched back to our camp or order our tents brought up. Finally I said to my comrades: "Boys, we "Our First Campaign."

I met a Union soldier who was there, and ottawa, Kan., writes to corroborate Comrade Burnett, Co. F. 4th Pa. Reserves, in his statement that on the Charles City Crossroads battlefield "evidences of a dreadful battle having been fought there on the date I mention were not lacking at the period named by Mr. Berwick." camp or order our tents brought up. Fin-ally I said to my comrades: "Boys, we must hunt cover." A few yards from where we stood the end of an old plank protruded from the barnyard filth, which lead we followed and quickly unearthed not one, but two very dirty, but sound and substantial, planks, a foot or more in width and about 16 feet long. To clean these planks was but the work of a moment, but to clevate them into the loft from beam to beam above the heads of our comrades crowded therein like sardines in a box, was not so easily accomplished. With us, however, it was no roost, no shelter; and after a vigorous push was about two miles from the front when we succeeded. Then drawing up our guns, an Orderly came back on the run from cartridge boxes and other meager belongings, we perched ourselves upon our improvised balcony in the shelter of that old roof-tree, like birds of paradise in the green branches, above and beyond the reach of the alligators and anacoudas of the Amazon. Perhaps we did not enjoy that night of peaceful rest, we three who were above the clouds, so to speak. If Beauregard's army had penetrated our lines that night and had run up against us, we were in a position to fix them plenty. On the whole, our position, both for comfort and for defense, in case of an attack was far about and greatly more

> strategic than it could possibly have been had we remained in camp. The next morning our Quartermaster said thustled around and found a few boxes of does. which we breakfasted. About 10 o'clock the rain ceased, and a scouting party that had been sent out to reconnoiter, returned and reported that our camp had not been captured by Beauregard during the night, but was still standing, where we left it. but was still standing, where we left it. Then a party with tenus was detailed to bring up our tents, and we established camp in a position where we could protect the fort. After that, we put our camp in order and began in earnest to prepare for

tack, was far ahead and greatly more

FIRST GLIMPSE OF LINCOLN. Two days later, I think, on the 25th of July, Abraham Lincoln, in company with Secretary of State Seward, visited the army in Virguia, on which occasion I had the opportunity of seeing the President for the first time. Mr. Lincoln was then in the full strength and vigor of manhood, and although he was not what peopl-would call a handsome man there was stamped on his face a fresh, vigorous, healthy and courage ous look that inspired confidence. We had just suffered a sehealthy and courage us look that inspired confidence. We had just suffered a severe and humiliating defeat, and the discouraging fact was beginning to appear plainly that we had on our hands a great co. B, 41st III., Bloomfield, Mo. plainly that we had on our hands a great war that would require every resource of the Nation to prosecute to a successful issue, and we certainly needed some encouragement. It was good to be impressed with the fact that the President on whose shoulders rested this mighty burden of war, with its vast train of results, either for weal or for wee to the people of a hemisphere, was not discouraged with the outlook.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been intensely interested in the stories "Who Goes There?" and "A Friend With the fact that the President on whose the Countersign," as everyone who served in the Army of the Potomac during the campaign of 1864 necessarily must be. I have been especially pleased to note how the house of the people of a counterfact of the people of a hemisphere, was not discouraged with the counterfact of the people of a co

Mr. Seward stood up in the President's carriage and made quite a speech to the soldiers, in which he gave us plenty of taffy; but Mr. Lincoln did not make a speech; he only said in a mild, gentle way, that he had confidence in the ability and patriotism of the American people and their volunteer army to meet and over-come every enemy of the Republic, and to re-establish the Government and Flag bequeathed us by the Fathers in every part

and portion of our country.

The soldiers gathered around the Pres ident's carriage, all anxious to shake hands with him, and they kept him hand-shaking until he must have been extremely tired I felt like shaking hands with Mr. Lincoln myself, although not given to demonstrations of that kind in a crowd, but on sec-ond thought it seemed best not to assist in wearing the poor man's life out, so I did not offer my hand, and never had the honor of shaking hands with him

During the years of war that followed I saw Mr. Lincoln many times, and every time I noticed that the lines of care upo his kindly face grew deeper, as the burden month and from year to year. Shortly after this visit from the President, Gen. Sherman went West, to as

sume some higher command than a bri-gade, and I did not see him again until years after the war. Sherman became a great commander and strategist before the war ended, as every man of his old brigade knew he would from the moment he gave us the order to dump our blankets and rations on the banks of Bull Run. THE LAST SURVIVOR. I met Gen. Sherman once after the

war, some time during the early 90's, at a National Encampment of the G. A. R. held in the city of Milwaukee, Wis. There civil war, from all over the country, who were holding Reunions galore. There On the afternoon of July 18 Tyler's Division encountered the enemy at Black-burn's Ford, where we had our first skirmish, in which the 2d Wis. lost one man, Tyler's Division did not gain a lodgment to the Union army. The strategy was deficient in some important particulars, memorable night-march we would have left in sight of the flying cavalry, but for kept in sight of the flying cavalry, but for the survivors of prisons and the home stretch.

Sherman's Brigade took its place in the advance of the infantry, and during that memorable night-march we would have left in sight of the flying cavalry, but for the survivors of hospitals. So, on meeting the light of the survivors of hospitals. So, on meeting the logge to the survivors of hospitals. So, on meeting the logge to the survivors of hospitals. So, on meeting the logge to the survivors of hospitals. So, on meeting the logge to the survivors of hospitals and the logge to the survivors of hospitals. So, on meeting the logge to the survivors of hospitals and the logge to the survivors of hospitals. So, on meeting the logge to the survivors of hospitals and the logge to the survivors of hospitals. So, on meeting the logge to the survivors of hospitals and the logge to the logge to the survivors of hospitals and the logge to the survivors of hospitals and the logge to the logge to the logge to the survivors of hospitals and the logge to the l were Reunions of armies, of corps, of di-visions, or brigades, of regiments and of were completely surprised and their horses companies. There were Reunions of the seized, without a shot being fired. When survivors of campaigns, of the survivors half way through the gap we met a relief of battles, of the survivors of prisons and of the survivors of hospitals. So, on meetthat he himself would greatly enjoy such a Reunion, he thought it quite impossible

from, and nothing to run after, except our supper and beds, and it is not likely that we ran for fun, but it seemed easier to retreat than to advance—it generally does on a battlefield.

In retring from the field we recrossed Bull Run above the ford where we crossed it in the morning, but struck the Warrenton Pike again between Stone Bridge and Cub Run. When I reached the bridge over the latter stream, lo and behold there was that big 32-pounder that Sherman's Brigade had supported so glorious ly all the forenoon, broken down and abandoned in the center of the highes. Behind this gun along the turnpike stood and the bridge our camp, it necessarillerymen had taken their horses down to the Run to water them and soon after returned for their battery, which they secured all right, in fact, never intended to Fort Corcoran there stood an old barn from which the weather-boarding had been stillerymen. I learned, later, that the assective the Run to water them and soon after returned for their battery, which they secured all right, in fact, never intended to Fort Corcoran there stood an old barn from which the weather-boarding had been stillerymen the fact that he weather-boarding had been stillerymen the fact, never intended to Fort Corcoran there stood an old barn from which the weather-boarding had been stillerymen the fact, never intended to Fort Corcoran there stood an old barn from which the weather-boarding had been stillerymen the fact, never intended to Fort Corcoran there stood an old barn from which the weather-boarding had been stillerymen the fact, never intended to some time the stood and the properties of holding a Reunion of Sherman's Brigade, as our old commander was then with us, they replied: "Aren't you a little off? Sherman commander was then with us, they replied intended to form the position where I last saw it as I crossed the bridge over the hills to five from the weather boarding had been or of the survivors of The First Bull Run, was had mean and more important business on hand. If he was asha

(To be continued.)

Hunting Torpedoes Near Savannah. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I see in our valuable paper of recent date mention of the explosion of torpedoes planted by and in the road near Savannah, Ga., in which Lieut, Frank Tupper, Adjutant 1st Ala, Cav., U. S. V., lost his leg during a

charge.
The 41st Ill. Vet. Battalion was guard ing the prisoners on the march through Georgia for the Seventeenth Corps, and course, the sides of the road were lines with soldiers, some yelping "Grab a root." "Don't let the Johnnies Out!" "Run you, Corporal!" "Orderly, get off and let your

Corporal!" "Orderly, get off and let your horse go; he cannot keep up!" etc.

When we arrived at the front Gen.
Sherman told the prisoners he had sent for them to find and remove the remaining torpedoes. They began to beg, and said they knew nothing about any torpedoes. The General turned to a man in citizen's clothes and said a few then, turning to the two men, said: ing about any torpedoes, and they would be killed in trying to find them. The Genbe killed in trying to find them. The Gen-eral turned and said: "Corporal, have your men put in an extra buck and balls, and have the two prisoners march 30 feet in front of you to that tree and remove four torpedoes. If they won't go, or try to run, shoot them down." Of course, the torpedoes were removed without any more trouble. Three had already been exploded in the road by the advance cavalry. The army moved forward. All were on the lookout for torpedoes, but found no more, and we were soon among the rice planta-tions, pestling out rice in old wooden mortars, as Si and Shorty's squad was ahead of us and the good things were all gobbled up. We turned our prisoners over when

## A Friend With the Countersign.

they actually occurred and the sequence of events as well as of place. In reading the installment of July 31

I thought I was about to detect the nuthor in an inaccuracy. When he speaks of being at Meade's Headquarters after crossing the James he says heavy clouds were rising, indicating a storm. I thought boats were not regular pontoon boats, but surely he was getting off the track. He, were built by men of our brigade and surely he was getting off the track. He, however, does not say that it rained, but speaks as though it soon would. On June 2, in the afternoon, when Getty's Divison, the second of the Sixth Corps, was being transferred from the left of the corps to the right, and when about half way from the Cold Harbor Tavern to the woods on the west, a heavy thunderstorm morning of Nov. 24, 1863, and then take came up, and it rained nearly all night.

But no more rain fell for about two gade (Third, Second Division, Fourteenth months in the regions occupied by the

While halted and during the storm mentioned, we heard the artillery duel men-tioned by "The Cannoneer," and which took place near Bethesda Church, though, of course, we did not know what it meant then, although we did know that there was some rapid and severe artillery firing. But, after all, Berwick did not say it rained.—Chas. Porter, Co. E, 11th Vt., Grinnell, Iowa.

Snake Creek Gap.

When Gen. Sherman started on his Atlanta campaign, the necessity for seizing Snake Creek Gap became evident, and the 9th Ill., under Col. Phillips, was assigned to the duty. F. H. Wagner, Co. D, 9th Ill., now living at Warrensburg, Mo., writes of the expedition: "We made a night march, and our trusted guide led us to the entrance of the gap, through which short hour of rest for man and beast was given. I was Sergeant-Major of the regiment, and I received the order to detail 16 men and a Sergeant to take vance into the dark and frowning gap Serg't Mueller and 16 picked men went forward; only five returned. At the westinto a large rebel camp. In the fight which followed our men drove the rebels from their camp into an open space of about 20 acres, and over this open space the 9th Ill, charged, driving the rebels into the woods at the other side. The Johnnies took shelter behind trees and huge rocks. We dismounted and held the robels until we were reinforced by the 50th Ill. This regiment coming up dash, gaining an advanced which they at once began to fortify. This fight secured for us Snake Creek Gap. Col. Phillips received a saber wound and was shot through the right leg.'

To Be Sold as Junk.

The 10 Spanish vessels sunk in miral Dewey's fleet are to be rasied and sold as junk. They are believed to be hopelessly beyond repair.

A contract has been awarded by the Philippine Commission to a construction company to remove the wrecks, and an arrest diver her been been awarded. No

expert diver has been put to work. No one here has any idea of the value of these vessels, and the contractor has undertaken the work on a speculative basis

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## PENSIONS! PENSIONS!

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## JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Pension and Patent Attorney, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole

Line CHARLES CITY CROSSROADS.

Stephen Tripp, Captain, 11th Pa. Cav., Ottawa, Kan., writes to corroborate Com-rade Burnett, Co. F, 4th Pa. Reserves, in at the period named by Mr. Berwick." Capt. Tripp says: "During the Fall and Winter of 1864 and '65 the writer's regiment, the 11th Pa. Cav., made frequent reconnoissances toward the Chickahominy and in so doing passed over the battlefield of Charles City Crossroads. Our people fell back to Malvern Hill the night after the battle, June 30, 1862, and left the enemy in possession of the field. From appearances the Confederates made no at-tempt to bury our dead. The citizens living in the vicinity of the battlefield told us that their own dead lay unburied where they fell until after the battle of Malvern Hill, which occurred the next day (July 1), and then the burial parties did not dig graves, but covered the bodies with earth where they lay. At the time we were there, in 1864 and '65, the bones of the occupants of these shallow graves were

scattered all around. Citizens informed us that this was done by the Virginia landpike hogs in quest of something to eat. At the edge of a body of timber near the Crossroads was a windrow of horse bones, which occupied about the space of a squadron of cavalry, and from their almost per-fect alignment we thought that the horses of a squadron of Confederate cavalry had gone down under the well-directed fire of one of our batteries. I have often thought of a single grave near the Crossroads. Its occupant, who was killed in the battle, belonged to one of the regiments of Pennsylvania Reserves, the 11th, I believe, had been given a decent burial and a board had been placed at the head of his grave, on which was carved his company, regiment and date of The last time we were there, in March, 1865, the grave was in a good state of preservation. Did the comrades of this dead soldier take time to bury him during the battle, or did some who were captured by the enemy do it afterward? Can any of the Reserves answer? As to the author of 'Who Goes There' and 'A Friend With the Countersign,' he evidently knows whereof he writes as far as the topography of the Peninsula and surrounding country in Virginia is concerned."

CROSSING THE TENNESSEE.

Cyrus A. B. Fox, Musician, 86th Ill. Sioux Falls, S. D., writes: "The article in The National Tribune of July 24 by Chaplain M. N. Baker, 116th Ill., ing the circumstances of the wounding of Gen. Giles A. Smith, Nov. 24, 1863, brings visions of those days long past. On that day occurred one of the grandest rowing feats ever participated in by an army. Comrade Baker mentions the 100 pontoo boats lying in North Chickamauga Creek and that 15 men entered each boat in ad-Fifteenth Corps during the battle of Missionary Ridge, as Gen. U. S. Grant had divided the Fourteenth Corps during this battle among the different corps of his rescuing army, and to Col. Dan McCook's Brigade fell the lot of rowing the Fifteenth Corps agrees the Tonnesses Pige. teenth Corps across the Tennessee River at North Chickamanga Creek. These 100 Corps) placed these same boats as a pon toon across the Tennessee at this point all within the time mentioned by Comrade Baker. We believe that these men are entitled to a medal by Congress as being the most complete oarsmen of the age."

James M. Robinson, Ava. Mo., would like to see an account of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864, written by the commander of the 111th Ohio, if living; if not, by line officers. Comrade Robinson belonged to Co. H. 24th Mo., which was attached to the 111th Ohio, M. Dziewanowski, Orderly Sergeant, 6th Wis. Battery, Rutland, Iowa, sends the following list of brothers that served in that organization: O. J. Bromham, Wm. A. Bromham; W. H. H. Booth, R. L. Booth; A. M. Clayman, Levi Clayman; Avery Colborn, John Colborn; Isaiah Emerson, Levi J. Emerson; H. C. Gardner, Jules Francois, Frank Francois; Sidney Hawxhurst, Albert MEARA & BROCK, Patent Attorneys, 1855. by the commander of the 111th Ohio, if Francois; Sidney Hawxhurst, Albert

Hawxhurst; Joe M. Hood, A. J. Hood; T. J. Hungerford, Wm. W. Hungerford; A. J. King, Fred King; A. J. Moss, P. B. Moss; A. W. Maxwell, C. K. Maxwell; C. A. Neefe, Julius F. Neefe; J. W. Proctor, R. M. Proctor; Wm. Runyan, B. F. Runyan; W. O. Phetteplace, J. O. Phetteplace; Alonzo Rose, Moses Rose; J. W. Robson, Henry Robson; David S. Stewart, Wm. A. Stewart; A. Sanderson, S. A. Sanderson; H. W. Sheldon, Asa Sheldon; Sylvester Sweet, Albia Sweet, N. L. Sweet, J. M. Sweet; David Wallace, Hiram Wallace; M. Weaver, Abram Hiram Wallace; M. Weaver, Abram

Weaver, M. Weaver, Abram Weaver, Mrs. Hattie Martin, 107 Walnut St., Grafton, W. Va., has a medal picked up on that street, inscribed "The State of Ohio, to Frank Schlecher, Veteran, Co. D. 77th Reg't, O. V. I.," which she will return to the owner unon identification. return to the owner upon identification.
M. J. Feenan, Co. M. 6th Iowa Cav.,
2212 Poplar Ave., Omaha, Neb., writes
that an officer's sword, engraved "E. G.
Hilleran, 12th Mich. Battery," is in the possession of a man in that city, and that the Grand Army of Omaha has no infor-

mation regarding the whereabouts of its

former owner.
Comrade A. R. Dixon, of Springfield, Mo., proprietor of Dixon's Standard Gum Works of that city, proves to be one of the "regulators" of Andersonville, and has very vivid recollections of many of the incidents of the strenuous life in that vilest of all the Southern pens. "I, too, was one of the regulators," he says, in a re-cent letter. "I walked a beat many a night watching over more helpless com-panions. My position in the cordon or circle that surrounded the scaffold was immediately in front of the entrance gate. That red-headed rascal that broke the rope and was hanged a second time and his gang of pals had robbed me of what bis gang of pals had robbed me of what little I possessed. Well, shake, Colonel; The National Tribune will from this on seem more valuable and interesting than ever, if that were possible. I was taken from Andersonville Sept. 9 to Savannah, thence to Millen, from which latter place I escaped during a time of paroling of prisoners. I concluded to take no further chances of exchange and 'lit out.' My name, I have since learned, was subsequently called, and another fellow, who quently called, and another fellow, who knew I had gone, answered to my name and then got out himself, and got home."



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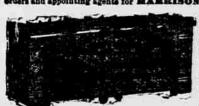
-E.T. HISGHARTON, N. V.

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